End of the World

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Hey everybody! This is a really short storie that I wrote and I
didn't know if I should continue it. Please give me your opinion!
Thanks!

The city that had once been a thriving metropolis now lay in ruins.
Some of the buildings where half falling down, and others where just
rubble. I looked around a saw a few survivors and I could see their
pain, their pain and my own was so prominate that I could almost
taste it. The city, Seattle was just a remainder, you couldn't call
it a city any more, it was just smoking ruins. People knew that they
would eventually get back on their feet but it would not be soon. In
mere secounds the place I had known was gone and not coming back. I
wanted to scream "Why me? Why us? Why this place? Counldn't you see
what you did to us? How could you not care? WHY!" but I could not
speak because the anger, fustration, and the horror where coking me.
I did't know who was alive and who was dead. I could hear the city
crying out the same as I was or as the case maybe how I wanted to,
but couldn't. I sat down on the cold hard ground and tried to cry but
my eyes where dry and I was so tired, I just wanted to sleep, but I
knew that if I slept I might die. I was so cold and I just wanted to
see my family, I just wanted everything the way it had been. But
there was no going back.

End
file.